No, yet time ſerues, wherein you may redeeme
Your baniſht honors, and reſtore your ſelues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reuenge the ieering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwere all the debt he owes to you,
Euen with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay.

*Wor.* Peace cooſen, ſay no more.
And now I will vnclaſpe a ſecret booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing diſcontents
Ile reade you matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous ſpirit,
As to o'rewalke a Current roring lowd,
On the vnſtedfaſt footing of a ſpeare.

*Hot.* If he fall in, good-night, or ſincke, or ſwim,
Send danger from the Eaſt vnto the Weſt,
So honor croſſe it, from the North to South,
And let them grapple: O the bloud more ſtirs
To rouſe a lyon than to ſtart a hare.

*North.* Imagination of ſome great exploit
Driues him beyond the bounds of patience.

*Hot.* By heauen me thinkes it were an eaſie leape,
To plucke bright honor from the palefac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where fadome line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeeme her thence might weare
Without corriuall all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowſhip.

*Wor.* He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the forme of what he ſhould attend,
Good cooſen giue me audience for a while.

*Hot.* I crie you mercy.

*Wor.* Thoſe ſame noble Scots that are your priſoners

*Hot.* Ile keepe them all;
By God he ſhall not haue a Scot of them,
No, if a Scot would ſaue his ſoule he ſhall not.

Ile



Ile keepe them by this hand.

*Wor.* You ſtart away,
And lend no eare vnto my purpoſes:
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keepe.

*Hot.* Nay, I will: that's flat:
He ſaid he would not ranſome Mortimer,
Forbad my tongue to ſpeake of Mortimer,
But I will finde him when he lies aſleepe,
And in his eare Ile hollow Mortimer:
Nay, ile haue a ſtarling ſhalbe taught to ſpeake
Nothing but Mortimer, and giue it him
To keepe his anger ſtill in motion.

*Wor.* Heare you cooſen, a word.

*Hot.* All ſtudies here I ſolemnly defie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke,
And that ſame ſword and buckler prince of Wales,
But that I thinke his father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance:
I would haue him poiſoned with a pot of Ale.

*Wor.* Farewell kinſman, ile talke to you
When you are better tempered to attend.

*Nor.* Why what a waſpe-tongue and impatient foole
Art thou? to breake into this womans mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

*Hot.* Why looke you, I am whipt and ſcour'gd with
Netled, and ſtung with piſmires, when I heare
Of this vile polititian Bullingbrooke,
In Richards time, what do you call the place?
A plague vpon it, it is in Gloceſterſhire;
T'was where the mad-cap duke his vncle kept
His vncle Yorke, where I firſt bowed my knee
Vnto this king of ſmiles, this Bullingbrooke:
Zblood, when you and he came backe from Rauenſpu

*Nor.* At Barkly caſtle. *Hot.* You ſay

Why what a Candy deale of curteſie,
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me,
Looke when his infant fortune came to age,
And gentle Harry Percy, and kind cooſen:

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